



THE British - Californian

MAY - JUNE, 1906

Tenth Year

San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles

Price 10 cts



THE RUINED CITY.



In the Once Populous Mission District.



Relic of California Hotel and Theatre.



Effect of Earthquake in Front of San Francisco Postoffice.



Destruction of Houses on Howard Street, San Francisco.

The British-Californian

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MAY-JUNE, 1906.

A Monthly Record of British and British-American Progress. Non-Sectarian in Religion. Non-Partisan in Politics.

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CHARLES B. SEDGWICK - - - - - Editor

Temporary Business Office, 369 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.

IN our April number (so many copies of which we regret did not reach subscribers, for it was a beautiful edition, printed in colors and double the usual size, in celebration of our ninth anniversary) we wrote:

"With this number the BRITISH CALIFORNIAN enters upon its tenth year of publication. Nine years of endeavor have gone into the past, and while we realize that much of what we had hoped to accomplish ere this still lies before us, we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of feeling that our work has been blessed with a fair measure of success. We know of much good we have done—and, happily, of no harm.

"The paper has had its little ups and downs, its difficulties and disappointments and discouragements—as is the way with human efforts—but it has ever had the loyal support of true friends, and this has cheered its way and lightened its task.

"To these faithful supporters, many of whom have stood with us from the start, never losing an opportunity to further the paper's interest and ever ready with their own contributions, we feel it fitting at this time to offer our thanks and acknowledge our indebtedness.

"Much as we would like to feel that our work were done; that the time had arrived when the British were no longer misrepresented and maligned in America; that the two great branches of the English-speaking race had at last reached that good understanding and condition of sincere accord prayed for and worked for by the best people of both countries, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the day of this happy consummation is still in the distance, making need, therefore, for our continued existence.

"So, as to the future, our announcement is simply that we shall stay with the work until it is finished—or we are."

Little did we realize when we penned those words how near our work was to being finished. One fair morning, soon after, the worst calamity this country has known befel the glad city of San Francisco, wiping out businesses by the thousand and shattering bright prospects by the tens of thousands.

But there is something that neither earthquake nor fire can destroy—human sympathy. Every sufferer received it in generous measure, and the British Californian was no exception. From every section of the State, and later from the East and foreign countries, we received kind letters of enquiry as to our safety. And in numerous cases without waiting to be asked, patrons sent in their back accounts and advance subscriptions and new subscriptions for friends, so that as soon as we could get the use of type and a printing press we were able to resume business. This kindness we can never forget, and it gives us new heart to again take up the task and serve the interests of our people to the best that is in us. While we have made personal acknowledgment of this kind sympathy and aid to our many friends we feel that it is a matter for public mention, it being so greatly to the credit of the British people.

And now we must ask our readers to bear with any imperfections they may find in the paper. The fire consumed all of our property: printing cuts, manuscripts, photographs, a splendid library containing many costly works of reference, and countless other necessary things which can only be replaced by degrees. This edition, too, is printed under me-

chanical difficulties, but by another month we hope to present, at least, a better appearance.

We also ask our readers to continue their kind interest in the paper, and to make new subscribers for it whenever possible. Running expenses are double what they were before the conflagration, advertising of the kind we carry is scarce and, frankly, the paper needs all the support that can be given it.

SAN FRANCISCO, surrounded on three sides by water, should have been the last place in the world to suffer annihilation by fire. The earthquake is held responsible for the disaster, but this is an earthquake country and the possibility of the city's water supply being cut off by some big temblor had long been talked about and frequently discussed in the press.

The blame should be placed where it belongs, upon the shoulders of those officials who had such matters in charge. One or two good pumping stations on the bay and reservoirs on the hills, such as they have in every modern seaport city in Europe, would have proved the salvation of San Francisco in the emergency. The retail district and thousands of homes, at least, could have been saved.

Had there been more of honest desire to serve the city, and less of grafting and fooling of the people with spreadeagle talk of our having "the finest fire-fighting machine in the world" this ruinous experience would not have been ours.

This is no proper time to criticise, we admit, but unless the fault is located it never will be remedied.

WHILE men of all callings are receiving generous sympathy these days the insurance fraternity seem to be an exception. Having suffered more than any other class of business men by the San Francisco disaster, it is now their melancholy fate to be "hauled over the coals," figuratively, afresh every day by press, pulpit and public.

That much of the abuse that is being showered upon them is unjust goes without saying, but that they have only themselves to blame is likewise undeniable. Had they not recklessly volunteered to promptly pay in full all losses, earthquake and fire, their policyholders would not have looked for any such benevolence, but would have been satisfied to abide by the strict letter of their contracts. But having reckoned upon getting the money, and many of them having entered into business arrangements with their policies as capital, they are going to put up a strenuous fight for its possession.

A RECENT dispatch from Dublin states that Secretary O'Daly of the Gaelic League has made the following announcement:

"The Legislative Committee of the Gaelic League repudiates the statement circulated in the American press that the league intends taking part in the proposed international exhibition of 1908 in London, and reiterates its former resolutions condemning the proposed international exhibition as injurious to Irish industrial development."

This shows the smallness of the Leaguers. Great Britain is to sacrifice all her interests, and the world is to stand still, in order to accommodate a clique of self-seekers in Ireland! But the world will move on nevertheless, and these foolish Canutians will simply "get left."

TOO much credit cannot be given the good people of Oakland, and all Alameda county, for their generous, self-sacrificing efforts in the relief of San Francisco's stricken people. Rich and poor alike abandoned their pursuits to engage in the work of providing for the wants of refugees from across the water. The aid was thorough, prompt—in a word, perfect—and above all, was given in the true spirit of brotherly love. And still more praiseworthy was it made by the fact that Oakland herself had sustained severe earthquake damages, not a householder having escaped some serious loss.

THE outside help so generously sent from every section of the country was welcome, and indeed needed, for California would have been sorely taxed had she been obliged to furnish the relief unaided. And everybody here appreciates to the full this assistance from distant parts, but speaking personally, we think that it would have been more effective had it been sent not altogether in the form of food supplies. There was not at any time danger of a famine overtaking us. Most of the time the supply of food was in excess of the need, and much of it that was of a perishable nature went to waste. Only the other day the papers printed notices urgently requesting people, even dealers, to take away the thousands of sacks of potatoes lying at Folsom street wharf. And since then thousands of barrels of flour have been sold and shipped away.

To do them justice, it must be said that the refugees ate all they could. Indeed, about the only distress prevalent was that from overfeeding, and a consignment of Beecham's Pills would have been a relief. But there is a limit to the capacity of the most willing stomach and, as we have said, there was, a great deal of the time, a surfeit of eatables.

Now, a little money would have been a great boon. Many a woman would have put in her idle hours sewing and mending if only she had had the price of a pair of scissors, a thimble and a spool of thread or a ball of yarn. Many a man would have gone to work within a few days if he had had the price of a few necessary tools.

The amount, we figure, needlessly spent in rations, tents, etc., and cost of distribution, since a week after the fire, would have given each family enough to pay half a month's rent and the first month's installment on a new outfit of household furniture. Work is plentiful in all the near-by towns, but a man cannot go to work and leave his family unprotected in a tent camp. Had help been extended in the way we say, it would have been a real, permanent help. As it is, the refugee, when this relief stops, as it must sometime, is no better off than when the calamity overtook him. He goes out into the world homeless, penniless, and perhaps his chance of work gone—taken by some outsider attracted here by the high wages. He has been fed free for a month, two months, a year, ten years, as may be, but still he is no better off.

A competent committee of business-like citizens should have charge of this relief work—not the military. The military mean well enough and work hard but they have no proper notion of the requirements of civil life. Life to them is simply eating, drinking and—tents. And no concern for the future.

It is not too late to adopt a better method, for there are still some seventy-five thousand people being cared for in the ineffective way we have described.

MANY people who have been unable to see newspapers have asked us why it was that the British Government contributed nothing to the relief fund.

The reason is that President Roosevelt, in declining Canada's donation of \$100,000, which was among the first contributions, took it upon himself to say that outside help was not needed, that the United States would prefer to meet the call alone. Had it not been for this we are sure that the British Government would have dipped down into its money chests unhesitatingly, for it has ever been a most liberal giver in times of calamity. And in this case there would have been a particular claim upon its generosity, so many British subjects figuring in San Francisco's population.

THAT Great Britain keeps her promises, the following dispatch from Shanghai bears evidence: "The Chinese regiment at Wei-Hai-Wei, which was organized by the British Government and was officered by the British, has been disbanded and its commanding officer, Major H. Bower, left for England April 28th. Great Britain has no garrison there now. It is reported that it will return the port to China."

"By agreement with China on April 2, 1898, Britain was to hold Wei-Hai-Wei as long as the Russians held Port Arthur. The Chinese regiment did good service during the Boxer rebellion."

FOR a month after the calamity, San Francisco presented the appearance of a conquered city, whose citizens were hostile to the Government.

And the soldiery acted as though such were the case.

IT is not the millionaire nor the mechanic that suffers most in San Francisco in this hour of trial. The rich, or formerly rich, have other resources; the laboring masses have work in plenty to go to and at greatly increased wages. Their loss was small, and is easily to be retrieved. Their income is not gone.

But what of the small business man, the lawyer, the artist, the teacher, the physician, the clerk, and countless numbers formerly engaged in professions and businesses in which for a long time there will be "nothing doing"?

They are the real victims; theirs the desperate struggle. Clients are gone, or scattered; books, instruments and papers destroyed which cannot well be replaced; and all that which is known as "good-will"—an asset usually representing years of faithful labor in some particular office or locality—forever wiped out.

We ask again, what of them? Out of all the millions that have been contributed for relief, it seems to us that some little might have been spared, or still be spared, to help give these—or such of them as are in need of assistance—a new start in some other place where their abilities and training are likely to meet with a demand.

THE much-abused United Railroads may with truth be said to have saved the situation at the critical time following the fire. It was dispiriting to everybody in the afflicted city world and from friends in another part of the town. Had no change come soon, the remaining people would surely have abandoned the place. But within a week, after herculean efforts, the company had its cars running to the ferries and across the city, giving a more natural aspect to things and restoring confidence. It was a marvelous feat, for tracks had to be cleared, roadbeds raised, entanglements of wire removed and Market street changed from a cable to a trolley system. The public greeted the first cars to appear in New San Francisco with cheers, and it was praise and appreciation well earned.

THE Chronicle is to the point, and correct, in the following: "Our Eastern sympathizers who have been misled by the sensational accounts of our famishing condition will be pleased to know that the stories of people starving to death are absolutely without foundation. If any one has perished from hunger in San Francisco since April 18th it is because he chose that mode of committing suicide."

But the Chronicle forgets that its own columns and those of the local contemporaries abounded with sensational stories of distress and prospects of famine. The correspondents for Eastern newspapers located here are in a measure excusable, for they would be in danger of losing their jobs did they fail to send back tales sensational and harrowing.

THE question goes around: "Will there be another?" Of course there will be another. Nothing can prevent it, seeing the way our peninsula is formed. But it may not happen before a hundred years hence—a thousand years. It may happen tomorrow. But what of that? An acquaintance of ours, fleeing from San Francisco in terror, was killed in the recent Arizona trainwreck. People are dying from heat in New York. In England it is damp and you might contract pneumonia. There is no place to which you can go and be "safe."

The thing to do is to stay where you are, have a clear conscience, and not set your heart too much upon those things which you must, in a very short time at the best, forever relinquish. Life included!

THE big installment concerns were "hard hit." One company used, with good results, the newspaper advertising columns to locate its missing debtors:

"The ——— Furniture Company would like to hear from all holders of contracts, as they have a communication to convey to such persons greatly to their advantage."

The reply to answers to this read:

"It would be greatly to your advantage to pay up."

WITHOUT the big city of Oakland close at hand, with all its facilities for business in complete running order, the plight of San Francisco's commercial men would indeed have been deplorable, nay hopeless. The rival city, if such it ever was regarded, proved a true friend in need.

THOSE three or four days without street transportation cured strap hangers of the grumbling habit. No complaints are heard these times about overcrowded cars.

IT is good, sound philosophy the newspaper editors are teaching these days. Be cheerful, they say, otherwise the first thing you know you will be miserable.

ONE of the curiosities that the late event was responsible for was a combination edition of the Call, Chronicle and Examiner, issued April 19th from Oakland. Only the one number was produced. That night the editors got to fighting over policy and the alliance was declared off.

"WHERE are all those missing people?" is anxiously asked.

It is overlooked that the soldiers did not take the names of those they killed, nor trouble to send for the dead wagon. Drag the bay!

IN the good old days it was the custom of facetious city folks to refer to the sister city of Oakland as "the bedroom of San Francisco." They welcomed it as a very desirable bedroom in the hour of their stress—and since have not found it inconvenient as a front door.

THE reason given for the presence of so many soldiers in San Francisco was that they were necessary to maintain order and prevent looting.

This was a libel on the stricken city. Never had it been more orderly, nor its people more disposed to obey the law. And there was precious little left to loot, anyway!

ADDRESSING the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on May 15, president Sir Alfred Jones said that the British Cotton-Growing Association would import this year from West Africa cotton valued at between £100,000 and £120,000. He argued that West Africa would produce shortly more cotton than Lancashire required. The speaker added that African labor conditions were more economical than those in America, while land could be had virtually for nothing.

WHILE the eyes of the world have been centered upon San Francisco the injury suffered by other California towns has all but escaped notice. San Jose, Santa Cruz, Palo Alto, Santa Rosa and other towns were visited by the earthquake in severe form, and their people in consequence have troubles of their own. They are bearing their burdens bravely, however, and we are sure it is the devout hope of all that they will quickly recuperate and enjoy a greater prosperity than ever before.

THE only unpleasantness that occurred to mar the otherwise perfectly harmonious work of the good people of all denominations who had in charge the relief work in Oakland was occasioned by Father Peter Yorke, the notorious "kicker" and trouble maker, who sprung the charge that Catholics were being discriminated against by certain relief officers. The matter was investigated, and Father Yorke failed to make good his libelous assertion. But he had attracted notice to himself, and perhaps that was all he was seeking.

AMERICAN Vice-Consul Cloud of Hongchow deplors the circumstance that American firms in China are represented by Englishmen. In a recent report he says:

"The office forces of the American firms in China, from the local manager down, are mostly Englishmen. In a neighboring business center this is true of the oldest and one of the largest American firm of the Orient. It is also true of the leading American banking institution of China—the institution, too, that acts as fiscal agent in China and the Philippine islands for the American Government. In both these firms not only are the local managers Englishmen, but, as naturally follows, most of their subordinates are English. Moreover, the agencies of a large number of American firms in China and Japan have been given to foreigners, mostly to English firms."

But why deplore this fact? American firms know what they are about; they do not choose Englishmen because of any sentimental preference for them above Americans. They do it as a matter of business, knowing that from Englishmen they can get efficient and honest service. Moreover, they know that the Englishman has the confidence of the Chinese, and confidence of the purchaser is half the battle in selling goods.



Heart of the City After the Fire.

The Folly of Fashion.

(Communicated to the British-Californian.)

A MEETING of some of the most influential ladies of Great Britain recently took place in the interest of bird preservation, not only so far as it pertains to the destruction of birds for the adornment of ladies' hats, but for their protection and preservation from all sources of harm. The Duchess of Portland presided over the meeting, and in the course of her address that lady declared that their efforts were very largely paralyzed through the persistent and ignominious fashion of wearing the plumage of birds in the feminine hat.

Being deeply interested in bird life I have made a tour of different millinery establishments to learn to what extent our people were responsible for the destruction of birds for the adornment of women. After careful observation and inquiry I find very few of the feathers and wings and the forms of birds but what have been taken from the bodies of domestic and wild birds, that have been killed to supply the poultry markets. To whatever extent, therefore, that the feathers and plumage of birds are used to make ladies' hats appear more capricious, from material that would otherwise be wasted, were it not in imitation of the base fashion which prompts it, could readily be regarded with respect and admiration. Knowing, however, the awful slaughter of birds of beautiful plumage that is constantly taking place the world over, it would seem that those who wear the cheaper grades of hats are but merely imitators of the richer classes, who are responsible for the destruction and threatened extermination of many beautiful and rare species of birds. This being the case, it is only proper that a movement for the suppression of the vice we are considering should emanate from the source whence it originated.

Nature adorns all feathered creatures in their neatest and handsomest colors for the season in which they mate and bring forth their young, and it is during this happy period of bird existence that countless thousands of egrets and other members of the crane family are slaughtered for those lovely plumes that are known to some as ospreys. The female birds are shot while in the act of incubation, and, later, the parent birds when in quest of food for their young, leaving the young broods to perish of starvation, thus increasing a cruel crime at least a hundred fold, sacrificing countless numbers of helpless young nestlings to secure the plumes of these handsome birds at a time when their colors are most brilliant and perfect. The same is true, too, of the Bird of Paradise, the most wonderfully, gorgeously, plumaged bird in existence, so supremely magnificent that one might fancy it to have been the creation of angels for the adornment of heaven rather than of earth. In the brilliancy of its costume it excels all bird creation just as the voice of the nightingale transcends all others in the sweet melody of its song, yet these exquisite birds and all their allied species are doomed to extinction unless this one thoughtless folly of fashion can be arrested.

During the years of my early youth, when engrossed in the study of birds and their habits, I thought that of all the creatures between which love exists none was so sweetly real and so truly ardent as that between a pair of mated birds. And to destroy them while in the honeymoon of all their heartsome gladness, whether engaged in wooing or nest-making, and still more so when busy in the cares of raising their young, for no other purpose than to gratify a fancy of fashion, is a sin that reflects with equal shame upon those who commit the destruction and those who encourage it.

ALFRED TRUMAN.

J. A. BARLOW

PICTURE
FRAMES



ART
GOODS

369 Twelfth Street, Oakland

The English in America.

An article on "The English in America" in Munsey's Magazine for May, contains a notable appreciation of what England has done for, and Englishmen are doing in, this country. The English, the author says, have been the dominant factor in the making of the United States. George Washington was the great grandson of a Yorkshire man, while nearly two-thirds of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents have been of English blood. "Every chapter of American history," he writes, "reveals the predominance of English names. It was from England we got our first iron works, cotton mills and railroads. English capital—hundreds of millions of it—have been invested in our industries. English books still occupy the shelves of highest honor in our libraries. English skilled labor laid the foundation of most of our trades, as English learning did for our professions." According to "Who's Who in America," England stands first among foreign countries in the production of genius. There are only ten States out of forty-five which have produced more great Americans than England. Of the list of famous English-Americans the first thing to be noted, says this writer, is its diversity. There is no predominance of judges and clergy, as among the Irish; of professors and musicians, as among the Germans, or of business men, as among the Scotch. It is a well-balanced list. Twenty-six professors—men of books—are offset by twenty-four capitalists—men of action. There are twenty each of engineers and actors; a dozen artists and eighteen journalists. The English, while versatile as a nation, are not so as individuals. Each can do one thing well, but only one. Yet England has produced and still produces more varieties of genius than any other country. It was the home of Darwin and Shakespeare, of Bacon and Cromwell, of Marlborough and Milton, of Stephenson and Shelley, of Newton and Nelson, of John Locke and John Wesley.

Among English-Americans there are Goldwin Smith (now in Canada), President Buckham of the University of Vermont, Dr. Paton of Princeton, Prof. Jas. Woodrow of South Carolina, Prof. Fryer of California, Prof. Richard Green Moulton of the University of Chicago, all noted educators. Of English born authors there are Ernest Thompson Seton, Richard Le Gallienne, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Archibald Clavering Gunter, Ben Pitman, besides others. Among the journalists are given James Keeley of the Chicago Tribune, Samuel T. Clover of the Los Angeles Express, A. Maurice Low of Washington. Among the actors there are Richard Mansfield, William Faversham, Henry Miller, E. H. Sothorn, Mary Mannering, Julia Marlowe, and Eleanor Robson, while the man who stands as our umpire in the world of art is an English newcomer, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, now at the head of the New York Metropolitan Art Museum. We have not space to mention the long list in law, finance, business, and other lines. It is sufficient to say that the English in America have made their mark and have done credit to the land of their birth in the land of their adoption.—British-American.

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THE FALL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Personal Observations.

(By the Editor.)

THE story of the destruction of San Francisco by earthquake and fire on the fateful days of April 18, 19, 20, A. D. 1906, is already an old one, familiar to the reading public all over the world, and any attempt to give a detailed history of the catastrophe in these columns would, I think, be a waste of space. But some personal observations and reflections will not at this time be considered amiss by the reader, I feel sure, for the subject is still one of absorbing interest—and no one person saw all that transpired, nor do all people view things in the same light.

My point of view is the matter-of-fact, and if in the following lines I at times seem at variance with the gifted gentlemen who paint lurid pictures and recount harrowing experiences in the daily press, I must plead that I am not to blame, but the facts.

Needless to say, I was "up and doing" at an early hour on that eventful morning. A violent shaking had aroused the entire neighborhood in which I lived and in a short time the streets were filled with people, viewing with consternation the damage to their chimneys, and comparing notes as to personal losses sustained in the general destruction of crockery, mirrors and other household goods. There was no great excitement. Some of the women were a little flurried, but the men, for the most part, merely remarked: "A pretty bad shake!" and went back to bed.

While in the street, I noticed a peculiar dense cloud hanging over the central part of the city, and wondered, along with others, what it could be. Some phenomenon in connection with the earthquake, we concluded. An hour or so later a neighbor came rushing over with the startling intelligence that the city south of Market street was on fire and that there was no water. Nobody believed this, for San Franciscans are used to all sorts of wild rumors at earthquake times.

But having some business effects that it were as well to look after, and being curious to know the truth, I sallied forth. No cars were running. Many people were abroad,

all bent in the same direction, but while some had anxious faces none was perceptibly agitated.

It was not until the Nob Hill district was reached that the seriousness of the situation was realized. Here the beautiful, new Fairmont Hotel was found to be cruelly rent, and many of its stones displaced; well-known towers and steeples in the city below were seen to be broken or distorted, and in many instances missing. Roofs were smashed in, chimneys gone, walls down and a scene of general devastation met the eye. And, sure enough, there were evidences of a big fire in progress.

I hurried to Market street—and what a sight! It was a strange San Francisco that I gazed upon. I had seen this stately thoroughfare only the evening before, with the peaceful sunset glow on its tall, imposing buildings; its broad roadway crowded with vehicles; its sidewalks thronged with happy, prosperous people. Now the grand old street was scarcely recognizable—a sad scene of destruction. Buildings by the dozen were half down; great pillars, copings, cornices and ornamentations had been wrenched from the mightiest structures and dashed to the ground in fragments; the huge store-windows had been shattered and costly displays of goods were so much litter on the floors. The sidewalks and roadway were covered with fallen stones, wooden signs and the wreckage of brick walls, the car tracks were twisted, the roadbed here fallen, there lifted, and everything on every hand was either broken, twisted, bent or hideously out of place. As I walked along, there was not a relieving break in the picture of ruin. The massive Emporium frontage was scarred in a dozen places; the upper stories of the Odd Fellows' Building were entirely gone, while the colossal City Hall, the principal edifice of the town, was a hopeless, pitiful wreck; its mighty walls rent; its once beautiful rotunda a great gaping wound; its huge dome supported by nothing but a gaunt skeleton of empty framework.

And all this work of less than a minute!

In the side streets the havoc was as bad; in places vastly worse. On O'Farrell many structures had fallen; the entire front wall of Delmonicos had dropped away, leaving the upper rooms exposed to view. And in some of the buildings which I entered the interior destruction was even more complete than the exterior. Whole floors had been broken up, stairways had collapsed, marble facings torn away.

And in the rear of all this, south of Market street, a great sea of flame was steadily rolling forward with a dull hungry roar, relieved only by the still louder roar of falling buildings at frequent intervals, and thunderous ear-splitting explosions when dynamite was used in the vain effort to check the fiery advance.

A changed San Francisco, indeed, from the secure, care-free, luxurious place of the day before!

People said, "We are a doomed city," but nobody seemed to mind—and for that reason, with all the grim evidences about, it did not seem that it could be so. There was no excitement, no confusion, no panic. Neither was there any fear, any terror, any grief.

I had read of the destruction of Babylon, of Nineveh, and many other soul-stirring and awful human experiences recorded in history, and when I at length realized that San Francisco was about to suffer an effacement as complete as any that had ever taken place, I looked about me for the wild scenes that this history-reading had led me to expect—for men maddened by horror and despair or made desperate by their losses; for hysterical women wailing and frantically tearing their hair; for old people in a state of collapse, and children falling from weakness and fright, and being trampled to death. But none of these scenes figured in San Francisco's fall. People were much about the same as usual. Men and women came down town to see what was going on, gazed about in blank astonishment for a few moments, then stood idly by, or went their way as though nothing extraordinary was transpiring. It was this indifference, or philosophical resignation to the inevitable, that struck me as the most marvellous thing in connection with the great tragedy. This, and the ease and quickness with which people grew accustomed to the changed conditions. Market street on that fateful morning was as quiet and orderly as an ordinary Sunday. Nor was it a case of dumb despair with the people. Faces scarcely less cheerful than usual testified to the contrary of that.

Troops from the Presidio came dashing down McAllister street at an early hour, but there was no need of them, and for a long time they "stood at ease" opposite the Hibernia Bank. In front of this bank, the Western National at Powell street and other financial institutions in the neighborhood, lines of depositors gathered and patiently waited, bank books in hand, for doors to open that did not open that day nor for a month afterward. At the usual opening hour "Legal Holiday" notices were posted up, and the crowds then dispersed quietly.

The streets were full of life and interest. From Third street up to Tenth, poor people were to be seen dragging across Market street their few humble effects saved from the flames, but they did not hurry and none of them seemed much put out. With millions going up in smoke all around and no attempt being made to save anything, it seemed ludicrous, the efforts put forth by some to rescue miserable, dirty stuff that good sanitary laws would condemn to the flames anyhow. There is no excuse for such squalor in San Francisco, and happily most of those old mattresses that came around the Horn were eventually overtaken by the fire in its pursuit of miles and destroyed. Their former owners, if they have not whisky, have now clean beds to lie on at any rate.

The big business men were game losers from what I saw of them. They would come tearing down Market street in their automobiles, in instances only half dressed, but the sight of the shattered buildings and glimpses of the on-rushing flames, obtained from the side streets, with firemen doing anything but contesting their progress with water, for of water there was none, were generally sufficient to deaden their haste. Few proceeded. Most of them seemed to realize that it was all up with poor San Francisco, and while, no doubt, they had heavy hearts they showed no emotion, but quietly turned back. Hundreds of those men were engaged—they and their automobiles—in relief work soon after, their own losses and cares for the nonce forgotten.

Though there was no excitement, no tumult, many little tragedies were being enacted right along. Happening to look toward Eddy street for a moment my eyes caught sight of a man jumping out of a third-story window. Two or three people went over to where he had fallen, all mangled, on the sidewalk, and as I reached them they picked him up, carried him into a doorway, and, saying he was dead, telephoned to the morgue. No crowd gathered.

That some persons' minds were deranged, at least tempo-

rarily, by the strenuous events of the day, I have no doubt. Many people with whom I came in contact acted queerly. To give an instance. Passing by the Windsor Hotel, I was addressed by a lady, who requested that, as a great favor, I find for her an express wagon. After much trouble I found one, and asked the man in charge if he were going anywhere in particular. He said no, he was looking for a job. I took him to the lady and she offered him his own price to move a trunk and a few bundles to a house on Steiner street. But he shook his head. Then she offered him a flat \$50, but he merely smiled, took up his reins and drove on—"looking for work." I could not conceive that he expected the entire Mint for an hour's work, (though some of them came near to that) so charitably concluded that he was non compos mentis.

The lady asked me to "hunt again," but I was disgusted and told her to ask the next man that came along to take up the hunt. If one had done all the favors that were asked of him that morning he would have been kept busy, I can tell you. And such ridiculous requests some of them were! One handsome young creature—and I should have liked to have obliged her, for she was in evident distress—asked me to be so kind as to take her canary to the Park and request the keeper of the aviary there to look after it until she could call for its return. It was to have such and such kind of food, be put in the sun at such an hour, etc., etc. I told her I had a baby for whom I would like to find an incubator in some safe place, and that was a matter of more pressing importance to me, but that if she would turn her pet loose it would doubtless find its way to the Park, or some other good place. I did not wait to hear reproaches.

But hardly had I gotten safely away when I received another proposition, the cool impudence of which I have not recovered from yet. I was accosted by a venerable-looking gentleman who said: "Young friend, do you know the Emma Spreckels Building just up the street?"

I said I did; that I had an office there.

"Well, so have I," he proceeded, "and you can help me out. I want you to do me the favor of going up to the —— floor, room ——; this is the key. I would not ask you to do this, but I am afflicted with rheumatism and it hurts me to climb. No elevators today! When you get into the room you will see a roller-top desk. I want you to unlock it with this small key and bring me the black tin box that is there. It contains some papers which I would not like to lose—and some day I will do as much for you."

"But," I protested, "do you know the condition of that building? I failed to reach my own office a short time ago. The stairway is half down, the place is full of gas—you cannot breathe—the fire is raging in the rear and the whole building is apt to blow up at any minute."

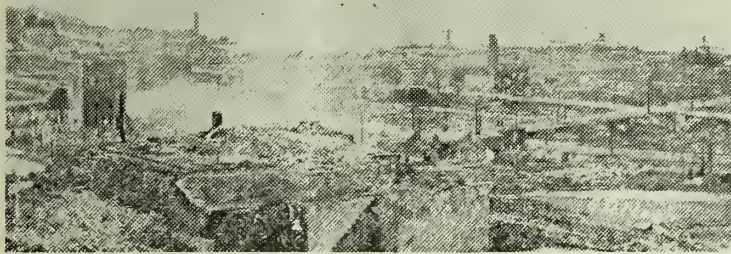
"Yes, I know," he said, evidently without thinking. "That is one reason why I did not care to go up."

Generous old soul! He would risk a stranger's life where he wouldn't his own. It is of no moment what I said to him on parting.

Although there was every opportunity in those early hours, no attempt at looting was made. Many of the stores were without window protection, and in places goods were scattered on the street, but nothing was touched. The Baldwin Jewelry Store had its windows entirely out, and all sorts of valuables were within easy reach, but though I watched a long time nobody took anything. Not that people were uncommonly honest, I figured it, but that with so much being destroyed nothing had monetary value that day.

The saloons were doing a rushing business in those last hours, steady streams of men passing in and out of their doors until the flames arrived and put an end to the business. Old toppers took what was destined to be their last drink for many a long day to come, for the law soon prohibited the sale of all intoxicants. Two months without liquor has cured many an unfortunate victim of the habit, so that the catastrophe, while it destroyed many lives, was the means of saving others.

The loss of life by the earthquake and the early fires in lodging houses south of Market street must have been very great, though official figures place it under 1000. Some two thousand known persons are still "missing" and I think they are all dead, for each day as ruins are cleared away numbers of bodies are found. I met a man who had escaped from the Brunswick Hotel disaster and he said fully 100 were buried there, as he saw only five or six escape, and the house was full. On my way down town in the early morning I had noticed a group of people up Ellis street and went to see what



Burned Clean to the Bay.

was the matter. A lodging house had collapsed, and it was said several people had been taken away, dead, and many more rescued who were badly injured. Men were still digging and scraping among the debris to find someone who at intervals called for help. An individual who appeared to be directing things kept calling out, "Where's your head?" "Where's your head?" Only a grunt came in reply at long intervals, but after a time a man's leg was uncovered and a few minutes later they had the poor fellow on his feet. They did not greet him, did not say "Glad to find you alive;" nor did he thank his deliverers. He cleared his throat, shook the plaster-dust from his nightgown, and looking slowly around with a faint smile said: "Somebody was asking where my head was. If you look closely you will see that it is on my shoulders."

The crowd grinned. The perspiring chief-rescuer was hot. "This is no time to spring your chestnuts, you chump," said he, walking away in manifest disgust.

That was the peculiar way things went that day, so unlike what one naturally expected.

Later, passing along Second street, I observed at the corner of Stevenson another fallen building. Two firemen were wearily pitching bricks from the heap, and a woman standing near called out to me: "Go over and help them, mister; there are people buried there." "They must be dead," I said. "No," she replied, "they are not all dead, for we hear them groan. There must be twenty there; it was a rooming house up-stairs."

I willingly climbed the pile and went to work throwing bricks. Soon a half-dozen others came to help. We could hear groans, occasionally, but oh! so faint and seemingly distant. We all worked in silence, nobody speaking a word. Soon the firemen were called away, and the rest of us involuntarily stopped work and looked at each other. It must be that each of us read in the others' faces the same thought, "a hopeless task," for we all climbed down and went our way. There was a day's work for a hundred men there, and we could have remained but a few minutes longer at the best, for the fire was close behind us, eating up the great Crossley, Rialto and other blocks on New Montgomery and Mission streets. And the heat was fast becoming intolerable.

My heart was heavy as I walked away, leaving those poor mortals to their doom, but, strangely, I experienced none of that deep horror that I felt I ought to feel in the situation. The mere thought of ever seeing death in such awful form had always, when thinking about or reading about such calamities, filled me with frightful abhorrence, but now that I was face to face with the reality it did not seem so terrible. I felt used to such things, as I imagine an undertaker feels in practicing his business, or a surgeon. I could not keep wondering, though, if after all I were callous at heart, and to make sure, I looked closely, on this occasion and other occasions, into the countenances of fellow beings, to see how they were affected, and in no instance did I discover any signs of dread, of horror. The firemen and police, carrying gruesome burdens, were unmoved, and most people gazed without emotion upon scenes which, pictured in their imagination at some other time, they would doubtless have considered frightful in the extreme—unbearable.

Which has convinced me that it is more in the thought of things, in apprehension, that we suffer, than in their actual occurrence. Few of the people who went through the San Francisco experience will ever again know fear, I think.

How it fared with the poor victims suffocated and burned, I do not know. People who have been half drowned tell us that the experience was not so bad as they expected, so we can only hope that nature has some merciful provision for lessening sensibility in other forms of death.

I was in the neighborhood of Second and Mission streets to see if it were possible to save any of my property in a printing establishment there, but I found the building doomed, great wicked tongues of flame just beginning to lap around it. Earlier I had failed to reach my office, so now there was nothing for me to do. I realized that that long-looked-for holiday—a day with no work in it—had come at last. It is said that everything comes to him who waits, and on the truth of this I ruminated, somewhat cynically.

I went back to Market street, and just in time to see the beginning of the end of it. The fire had broken in near Fourth, through the open space where the new Humboldt Bank was being erected. It was coming rapidly, and at a glance it was to be seen that the Emporium and other big buildings on that side were fated. Oh, that there had been water at this crisis! All north of Market street might have been saved from the flames. But the firemen stood idly by, mere spectators. There was no excitement, even now. Soldiers were stationed in front of the banks, and the police leisurely warned "campers" on the sidewalks and in doorways to "pick up their duds and git." They were not vehement in their orders, as of wont, evidently realizing, for once, that the public had some little discretion. Quiet-spoken "guardians of the peace" were among the curiosities of the great event.

While dramatic enough, the scene was in no wise pathetic. There was much laughter and joking, but no tears. One cheerful idiot went by, in a wagon drumming on a piano "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," which struck many as being exquisitely appropriate, for applause was generous. Another chap, who no doubt fondly imagined himself a second edition of the Nero who fiddled while Rome was burning, dashed along in an automobile, the while energetically scraping on a violin. At first I thought it was Mayor Schmitz practicing up for his old trade, but when I considered that the tune was not Irish, I realized my mistake.

There were many attempts at gaiety, and I do not think they were all feigned. That half of San Francisco which was ever gay and careless was true to itself to the last; it never could take life seriously, and it did not take its own destruction seriously.

Some incidents were legitimately funny, ludicrous enough to bring a smile to the gravest face. I was passing the Occidental Hotel in the course of the morning and heard a lady, who was standing on the curb, hail a passing trooper. "Ho, Mr. Soldier," she cried, "please take me out of this dreadful place. I cannot stand it a minute longer."

"You are safe enough where you are, madam—for a time," answered the man on horseback. "And I have no conveyance."

"But I must get away immediately. I never did like this town, and I'll never come back. I can do without a carriage; I will ride with you," responded the lady.

"Where do you wish to go, madam?"

"To Canada."



Burning of the Business Section, April 18.

Looking at the poor, skinny animal whose back was all but breaking under its already ample load, and then at the portly proportions of the good dame in distress one could not repress a smile.

"I will call for you later," said the two-hundred-pound "boy in blue," as he gallantly rode away, intending, of course, to do no such thing.

I comforted the lady by informing her that at the last moment a police wagon would make the round of the hotels and take away all persons who could not walk; and I trust she is now safe in Canada and not thinking too hardly of San Francisco, for while the soldier was unfeeling she was not a little unreasonable.

It was with mixed feelings that I watched the fire fiend bound greedily forward and annihilate the homes of the big newspapers. These buildings had become landmarks, and were the center of the city's activities. Many memorable scenes witnessed in this vicinity now came back to my mind. I saw again the wild crowds of benighted Anglophobes dancing with glee, hurrahing and throwing their hats into the air whenever news of a disaster to British troops in Africa was posted upon these newspapers' bulletin boards. I wondered then—and wondered again this day—how human beings could find delight in the suffering and death of fellow beings who had never harmed them, even though those poor suffering ones did happen to wear red coats. And I recalled how these newspapers had fanned ignoble prejudice and hatred against Britain into still fiercer hatred, and for no other reason than that "it paid." And as I watched the finely appointed structures fast fade into grinning skeletons, and a hundred times the price that their proprietors had been paid for their black lies and wicked abuse go up in smoke and fall in ashes, I could not down the satisfying thought that what was happening had been richly deserved, and that fate, or Providence, was avenging the wrong done an unoffending people—a wrong that had so long galled me. But while the thought was satisfying to my sense of justice, sorrow and regret accompanied it. Regret, that in a world so fleeting and so full of natural hardships there should always be this strife and enmity among brethren; sorrow, at realization of my own imperfection in that I had not been able to forgive without this dire wiping out of the old score.

However, the reflection over, I left the scene with a lighter heart, happy that now I had no quarrel with my big neighbors—till they should transgress again.

During all this time the conflagration was driving up from another direction, that of the wholesale district, where I had not seen it in progress. But passing along Kearny and Montgomery streets, and looking down Bush, Pine, California and Sacramento streets, the whole area was seen to be a veritable furnace. The fire burned white, or a pale orange color; there was none of the red of an ordinary conflagration, and no thick, blinding and suffocating smoke—except at rare intervals when oil was reached. It burned cheerily, as if trying to outvie the glowing sun in splendor. All the great offices of exchange and finance were apparently abandoned, for the few people about were going in a homeward direction.

I must mention the effects of the earthquake in the produce markets district, which I visited ere the flames took possession. Every wall was down, or so it seemed, and Clay, Washington and Jackson streets were well nigh impassable. A sad sight were rows of horses and broken wagons, half buried by the avalanche of brick. The poor animals, which could be counted by the hundred, had evidently been struck down as they stood in harness, awaiting their day's work. The loss of human life in this vicinity will never be known; the markets were full of early toilers when the temblor shook the buildings down over their heads, and hundreds of them must have been buried deep by the debris, later to be consumed by the heat of the fire. It was here that the man we later read of in the papers had rushed into a meat refrigerator for safety, fastening a door after him which he could not open again. In the awful gloom and solitude of this prison he remained for nearly three weeks, slowly starving to death. When found, he was still alive, but expired while being removed to a hospital. An experience of true horror his must have been, unless unconsciousness at an early stage mercifully relieved him.

As the day progressed, one met many persons who had had thrilling adventures during the earthquake. It became known that the shock had been much worse in the level areas down town than upon the hills or where the ground was rocky. One eye-witness of Market street in its throes told me that the undulations were sickening, that the ground fairly moaned as it

rose and fell, and that the buildings shrieked humanly as they were wrenched, or thrown down. Another said:

"It was no earthquake. Some miracle took place, and the city became alive. The buildings were writhing monsters in agony. The City Hall was a giant in convulsions, swelling and shrinking and swaying till his great belly fell out. I looked up expecting to see some awful face, and I am sure I saw such a face forming, high up in the dome, for I ran like mad. It must have been a face, don't you think so? for I was not afraid of the noise and the tumbling stones."

Clearly, a case of overwrought nerves, but it shows how some people were affected.

Wending my way homeward, I found the residence districts full of activity. People were busy bringing out to the sidewalks such few belongings as they thought they could carry away with them, and packing up baskets of food and filling bottles with water. It was a fortunate circumstance that the city abounded with old wells, otherwise a water famine would have been experienced. Some of the more energetic people were moving pieces of furniture to the public squares and to the wider streets, in the futile trust that there the flames would not reach. All hope for the city was gone, and it was realized that it was only a matter of a few hours when the cruel flames would be sweeping over the very ground where they stood.

Still, the people were loath to leave their homes till the last moment; and then, too, they did not know where to go. Many would at once have left the city had there been access to the ferries, but that end of the town was burning. Again, a wild rumor had it that Oakland had suffered an even worse fate and was in ashes; also that the country southward toward San Jose was torn up and impassable. None of the usual agencies for conveying information was in operation; no newspapers, no telephones, no telegraphs.

And so the people sat on their doorsteps and waited through the long afternoon. And when night fell most of them were still waiting. I have since had to smile at accounts in eastern and foreign papers representing the people of San Francisco as having been obliged to "flee for their lives," and at imaginative pictures showing men, women and children on a ten-mile-an-hour run, with the flames in close pursuit. I used, to imagine it would be that way, but experience has taught me that the burning of a city is a slow, wearying affair. Where the fire started, tenants of lodging houses had to hurry, it is true—such of them as were not imprisoned in the wreckage—but elsewhere time hung heavily.

That night I climbed to the summit of Russian Hill to view the conflagration, and never shall I forget the sight. It was weirdly beautiful. A thousand banners of flame were streaming in the cloudless sky from spires and domes and lofty roofs, the under-scene being a sea of glowing gold, angry and tumultuous, but brilliant beyond anything I had ever seen or conceived of; and magnificent in irresistible power, its great flaming waves leaping upon or dashing against the strongest creations of man and obliterating them. Noise as of a hundred battles in progress, with myriad giant guns in play, told of the fierce, relentless destruction as towering buildings, eaten loose, toppled and fell, or were lifted skyward by thundering dynamite, to then scatter and drop, throwing up huge fiery splashes from the burning sea.

Soul-stirring, sublime, the spectacle was, notwithstanding its seeming Devilishness, and it would have been worth all that it cost could we only have afforded it. It fascinated, thrilled, took one out of oneself and made him part of another life; another life in which might is mightier, time quicker and things altogether on a more stupendous and potent scale than here on this little, slow, imperfect earth. In face of that tremendous force, pulling down in an hour that which it had taken communities of men years to rear, we seemed puny and futile indeed; laughably, if not so pitifully, weak. Mere worms, or, having the patience and industry, ants—our habitations, cities and great life-works subject to as easy destruction as are the wonderful creations of ants at the hands of humans when in the mood. That man cannot see himself, in relation to the great scheme of things, as a mere ant is the sadness in the thought, for could he so see, he would cease this toilsome building for a day and add his effort, little though it be, to that which is omnipotent and everlasting.

The bay, as I passed down the hill, appealed to me as having never looked more serene and peaceful, lit up as it was by a bright moon and with reflected lights from the shipping gleaming prettily on its calm waters. A strong contrast, in-

deed, to the turbulent scenes being enacted on the other side of the eminence!

The streets were full of people, recumbent, and some in sound sleep. They seemed to find a greater sense of security close to mother earth. In my wanderings I passed through Washington Square, and there I witnessed a strange sight, the living and the dead lying peacefully side by side on the green sward. All through the night the police wagons brought their dead to the public squares, and the down-town undertakers did the same thing, not knowing where else to take them, I suppose. The living would roll over closer, to make room for their silent brothers. I could not help thinking how wonderfully adaptable is human nature. Had anybody told these living refugees, the day before, that their bed fellows of the morrow night would be corpses, they would doubtless have had the shivers. As it was, they did not mind in the least.

When the sun rose once again all was bustle and animation, for it was felt that the homes would surely go that day. The exodus began in earnest, the far-sighted ones making for the big Golden Gate Park and distant open spaces, others moving on but a few blocks at a time. Every street leading away from the doomed city was thronged with people, who, while not perhaps gay, could not be said to be sad or despondent. Folks were dressed in their best, presenting an uncommonly smart appearance—for refugees. Each carried that which he or she most prized; mothers, their babies; old maids, their dogs and parrots; young ladies, their "other hat" and a bountiful supply of candy; children, their toys and bags of peanuts and popcorn; and the men, sensible fellows, bundles of bedding and grub.

A spirit of good-nature and helpfulness prevailed, and cheerfulness was common. The gentler sex was radiant; women love moving. The children thought they were on a picnic. The men did a little quiet groaning under their loads, and were seen to be talking energetically to themselves at times—but I am sure they were not swearing.

There was much kindness. The old and feeble, the blind, the lame, were tenderly aided. The strong helped the weak with their burdens and when pause was made for refreshment, food was voluntarily divided; the milk was given to the children, and any little delicacies that could be found were pressed upon the aged and the ailing.

This goodness and self-sacrifice came natural to some, but

even the selfish, the sordid and the greedy became transformed that day—and, indeed, throughout that trying period—and true humanity reigned. It was beautiful to behold, and gave one a glimpse of human kind in a new and a glorious light.

Would that it could always be so! No one richer, none poorer, than his fellow; no coveting the others' goods; no envy; no greedy grasping for more than one's fair share of that given for all. True it is, I reflected, that money is the root of all evil, the curse of our civilization, seeing that it is the instrument which frail mortals use to take unjust advantages. What a difference those few days when there was no money, or when money had no value! Christ walked the ruined city and reigned over a willing people.

The fire advanced rapidly when it once reached the wooden structures, and by night thousands of homes had been swept away—the palatial dwellings of the rich in the Van Ness district, and the humbler domiciles of the masses in the Mission—miles away. All that night the conflagration raged, and on the morning of the third day North Beach was seen to be a blazing furnace.

Then it died down, leaving the far suburbs unharmed. Three-fourths of the city had been burned—some ten or twelve square miles—and \$500,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

Probably two hundred thousand people were homeless. But it does not follow that all were roofless. I have had to regret that the newspapers exaggerated the sufferings of the destitute so grossly, for I am sure we should have had as much sympathy and aid if only the plain truth had been told. It is not right to make other people miserable worrying about us.

There was some privation, it is true, but little or no distress and suffering. Thousands of people found shelter with friends, and kind strangers, in the unburned districts. Others who slept in the open for a few nights rather enjoyed the change than otherwise. I had a taste of it and I say honestly that I have suffered more when out camping on a pleasure trip. The experience of others, as they told it to me, was the same. People had to rough it, but what Westerner minds that? And their losses were taken philosophically.

There was no hunger. Most everybody had food with them at the start. Then, as the flames advanced, rather than see stuff wasted, the storekeepers gave away to passers-by, with out any asking, all their goods—bread, flour, hams, cheese,



The Wrecked City Hall, San Francisco.

tea, coffee and canned goods of every description. Nothing was held back. And as soon as the second day the military authorities took possession of the remaining shops throughout the suburbs and distributed the goods to the populace. Nothing was for sale. No eatables were allowed to be sold. The town was under martial law and the government found supplies to feed everybody bountifully.

Then, ere the pavements were cool, good people from Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and other near-by towns came flocking into the stricken city, like ministering angels, bearing supplies of all kinds—and stopped not at that, but brought carriages, automobiles and wagons, and urged the homeless to "jump in" and go back with them as guests and "rest up" amid happier surroundings. And thousands gratefully went.

The Southern Pacific Railway Company, too, rose magnificently to the occasion, giving free transportation to refugees to any place in the State; and the country towns and villages said "Come, and partake of our hospitality;" and never did any of them, at any time, say "we are full up." Many of these good Christians gave up their own beds, themselves sleeping out of doors, and in other ways surrendered to the homeless stranger all of comfort that they possessed. Indeed, most of the hardship occasioned by the calamity was borne, not by the refugees, but by those who succored them.

The people who preferred to remain in the old city were soon made as comfortable as possible, the Government distributing some thousands of tents and bedding. Not a few were cosily housed in vacant buildings. He was a shiftless mortal indeed who "suffered" in the slightest. I remained a week and went pretty well everywhere and I neither saw, nor heard of, distress that was due to the calamity. Happily, the weather was clear and warm most of the time and there were few complaints of "being cold." And there was another reason for this immunity from cold, which will disclose itself.

Ever since the day of the great exodus, and indeed on that day too, I had noticed that the people seemed different, particularly the women. The latter had lost that graceful contour for which California ladies are famous. They had become squatty; in fact, as broad as long, just as one is made to appear by those grotesque mirrors at the Chutes. The phenomenon troubled me, for there was no accounting for it. Not a fairy-like form had I beheld anywhere, and in a community where formerly they had been common. I began to wonder if anything was the matter with my brain, or if my optics had ceased to see right.

Finally, one day, I remarked on the strange affair to an acquaintance. He smiled.

"Oh," said he, "I suppose it is with them all as with my wife. You see, she has on four skirts, five waists, three shirts and—"

"Enough!" I cried. "The mystery is explained."

And it also explained to me another circumstance which at the time I had considered odd. That of extra clothing, the women folks appeared to be taking along only hats.

I shall not be so ready to condemn women as impractical, in future.

When I say that there was no suffering, I except that inconvenience and hardship resulting from the unnecessarily harsh regulations of the military authorities, and that state of apprehension, truly dreadful, which nearly everybody shared in consequence of the uncontrollable desire of the soldiery and militia to shoot people.

It was an outrage that for so long no lights were permitted after dark, particularly that no exception would be made even in cases where mothers had sick infants to attend. And the penalty for infringement, that of shooting into the house or tent, was barbarous, for the people had not even been notified of the regulation.

And the shooting and killing of citizens who "failed to obey orders" was not only unjustifiable but a black crime, and for the same reason that the victims, in most instances, were innocent of any intention to disregard the rules, foolish though they may have been. Many of the refugees had been away in the hills and knew not even that the town was under martial law. And any self-respecting man, rudely accosted and told to load a wagon or throw bricks, would hesitate for an explanation. No explanation was given, only threats to kill, and in many cases not that—just a bullet.

It was worse than Russia in her darkest hours.

The killing of H. C. Tilden, one of our most public-spirited citizens, while in his automobile charitably engaged in relief work, and wearing the Red Cross badge, was murder pure and simple—as was that of the unoffending man done to death

on the waterfront and then pitched into the bay—the incident witnessed by the Hon. Andrea Sbarboro.

How were people to know it was against the rules to be on their own property looking for things which belonged to them if they were not so informed, either by word of mouth or posted notices? Nothing was said, and no notices were posted up.

We are constantly reminded of our indebtedness to General Funston and his staff for their good work in the community, and I, for one, appreciatively give them credit for their able handling of the supplies in the first emergency, but I maintain they later more than offset that good by issuing stringent orders that were entirely uncalled for, and by vesting the common soldier with authority to take human life at his "discretion." Many of the soldiers found access to liquor and were half the time in an excited and irresponsible condition.

Yes, the only suffering we experienced was inflicted by those who had been sent to aid and protect us.

When it was all over, the fire out, the novelty of the new situation worn off, the real time of depression came—if there was such a period at all. Men who had spent the best years of their life building up businesses went down town to see if anything was left, and to look over the field for future action. Sad desolation greeted them on every hand, and it was a stout heart that could summon resolution, in face of that awful wilderness of ruins, to again take up the old task in the old place. The fire had done its work thoroughly, leaving nothing even half-burned. Everything had succumbed; even massive blocks of granite had been burned almost through, as though chiseled. A bare half-dozen buildings yet stood in all those miles, and they badly defaced externally; within, completely gutted. These, and a lone pillar here and there, the looming fragment of a wall, mounds of melted iron, networks of twisted steel and a chaos of brick and stone were all that was left of the innumerable imposing structures which once made up our magnificent city. Streets were no longer defined, no longer recognizable, and were as still as a desert. The whole scene resembled more some ancient ruins in Egypt or Greece, from which the dust of ages had recently been removed, than a modern American metropolis, yesterday the seat of great industries and a world commerce.

The only signs of activity in the public squares, where human bodies were being brought and roughly interred; poor victims of the holocaust, burned black, and dwarfed like mummies.

I say, it took a brave soul to calmly determine, amid such scenes, to call the past dead, and commence to laboriously build anew. But I heard such heroic resolve expressed, and I saw it magnificently displayed in faces. And action quickly followed decision, for San Francisco today has some three hundred new structures in the burned area.

They are cheap, unpretentious, frame affairs, but they have a beauty of their own—standing there on the old site—the reflected beauty of an invincible courage; the one great quality (worthy of being Divine) which is poor Humanity's own.

CHAS. B. SEDGWICK.

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SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

British News in Brief

Important Events not Chronicled in the Daily Press.

Turkey has yielded to British demands and there is no prospect of a war.

Canada is to erect numerous lighthouses along the British Columbia coast.

The British Government has disposed of Fanning Island at a private sale. The purchaser's name is Greig.

The Legislature of Alberta has decided that Edmonton shall continue to be the capital of the province.

The death has occurred at Comlongon Castle, Ruthwell, near Annan, of William David Murray, Earl of Mansfield.

New Zealand, state that Premier Seddon has announced a project for a state-owned line of vessels to carry New Zealand produce to England.

A terra cotta jar containing 7,000 Roman bronze coins more than 1,500 years old was turned up by the plough recently on a farm at Stanley, Yorkshire.

Jack Sheppard's one-time residence near Mint-street, London, is doomed to demolition. It is one of the oldest buildings in London, and has stood for nearly three centuries.

A sample link of the giant cable for the new Cunarder, being built on the Tyne, is on view at Liverpool. Each link weighs 170 lbs., and the total cable will be 130 tons in weight.

The International Postal Congress at its session May 23, at Rome, approved the British proposition to raise the weight of letters to one ounce. It was decided to hold the next congress in Madrid.

China has signed a treaty with Great Britain in which the latter recognizes a Chinese protectorate over Thibet. In return for this recognition China agrees to open Thibetan markets to Indian trade.

Stoke Park, Stoke Poges, is about to come into the market. It almost encloses the famous Stoke Poges churchyard of Gray's "Elegy," and once was the home of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania.

The Chester Eisteddfod was attended by the Lord Mayor of London who was presented with a silver casket containing an address. Warrington choir won the chief competition, an address. Warrington choir won the chief competition.

The skull of Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici," is to be reinterred with his other remains in the church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich. It is now in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital museum.

It has been notified in the London Gazette that the King's birthday will be celebrated in London and at all home stations on Friday, June 29. At all other stations his Majesty's birthday will be celebrated on Friday, Nov. 9.

Negotiations are on foot to form a combine of the steel makers of the west of Scotland and north of England extending the present working agreement in respect to ship and boiler plates, to include all branches of the trade.

In order to cope with the enormous increase in parcel post work at Glasgow, a handsome new building is being erected on a site about half a mile distant from the General Postoffice, where the work has hitherto been done. It will cost about £80,000.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, in introducing the first budget of the new liberal administration, began by reviewing the past financial year, pointing out the cheering fact that the revenue was larger and that the expenditure was smaller than the estimates, hence the country was in the happy position of having realized a surplus of £3,500,000.

The new War Office building in Whitehall is a most substantial and beautiful edifice, which for completeness as regards its accommodation is said to be without equal in Europe. It was designed by Mr. William Young, and the first brick was laid Sept. 1, 1901. It is undoubtedly one of the most wonderful and up-to-date buildings in all London.

It has been learned that it is the intention of King Edward to have official cognizance taken of the race for the trophy offered by him for American yachts to be sailed for off Newport, R. I., August 8th, and that probably two British warships will make it the occasion of a visit to the course. Secretary Mortimer Durand and Embassy attaches, with other dignitaries, will attend.

The last imperial garrison in Canada, that of Esquimalt, which has been replaced by Canadian troops in accordance

with the recent decision of Canada to take over her own defenses from Great Britain, left for England May 17. The embarking for Vancouver was attended by an enthusiastic gathering of citizens to bid farewell to the last British troops to be seen in Canada.

Great Britain's position regarding the fining of American fishing vessels by Newfoundland magistrates for violation of the colonial fishing regulations is that American vessels must obey the regulations of the colony which do not conflict with their rights under the treaty of 1818. This is the answer sent to Washington in reply to the protests of the American fishermen, and Newfoundland has likewise been notified to this effect.

The new cathedral at Liverpool is to receive an almost priceless gift of carved woodwork from Mr. S. J. Waring and his family, which will take the form of a choir and prebend stalls for the chancel. The designs and carvings of the chancel woodwork are the work of Mr. G. F. Bodley, R. A., and will surpass in simple beauty and proportions the woodwork of the stalls in any other English cathedral.

Mr. John Fraser, the claimant of the extensive estates and the title of Baron Lovat, recently died in his 82d year. Ten years ago the case almost rivalled the famous Tichborne case in attracting public attention. The deceased spent a large fortune in endeavoring to prove his claim, and so good were his chances considered that a well-known firm took over the case, and fought strenuously but unsuccessfully on his behalf.

The British Naval Department has adopted a new type of range finder, which is stated to be of great value. It is the invention of Lieutenant Arthur Vyvyan, the details of the mechanism having been carried out by Mr. Newitt, R. N., an electrical engineer. The utility of this instrument is for automatically transmitting the range observations from the fighting control top to all the various gun positions on board the vessel simultaneously and automatically.

The library of the late John Stuart Mill has been presented to Somerville College, Oxford, by Miss Helen Taylor, the philosopher's step-daughter, who was his constant companion after his wife's death. The collection numbers about 2,500 volumes and contains many valuable and interesting books. There seems a special appropriateness in this gift to a woman's college, considering the views held by Mill on the education and opportunities that should be open to women.

Pembroke has become a "white elephant" in the naval dockyard organization, and the Admiralty has now decided that this establishment shall be permitted to fall into disuse. Two armoured cruisers—the Warrior and the Defence—are at present being built there, and both will be finished about the end of the year. There is no prospect of any further construction for this yard—with the exception of a couple of submarines, which will be constructed there under the current estimates.

The house in which Robert Burns spent the last years of his life, and which was occupied by his widow until her death, is now held on lease by the Town Council of Dumfries, and placed in charge of Mrs. and Miss Brown, granddaughter and great-granddaughter of the poet. To the relics preserved in the house a number of important additions have just been made. These include two old volumes which belonged to the Dumfries Public Library, of which Burns was made an honorary member, both bearing his autograph.

S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, the man whose pioneer work made possible the proud boast that Canada has nickel ore in sight to supply the world's needs, said recently that there is one of the most remarkable deposits of red, gray and blue granite and white marble in the world around the village of Bancroft, Hastings County, on the Central Ontario railway. This discovery was made a month ago. He says Ontario has a chance to turn cities from brick to marble and granite at a cost far below that required anywhere else.

British gold prospectors are going to tap a new auriferous region in the far-away land of Tierra del Fuego, in the extreme south of South America. A novel method will be used, the beds of certain rivers being dredged for golden sand. It has been said that particles of gold washed down from the interior hills form a considerable proportion of the river sand. The expedition is having flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamboats built at Thornycrofts to carry the golden sands in loads of cargoes of five tons from the dredgers to the depot for extraction of the gold.

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Was God, or Man, Responsible?

While I stood watching the swift destruction of San Francisco by fire, a friend observed me, and he came up and spoke—after a time saying:

"Isn't it awful? I shall never believe in a God again."

He was a religious man under ordinary circumstances, and I was astounded.

"What is there about it to shake your faith in God?" I asked.

"The destruction," he answered. "The waste, the destitution it will bring, the dreadful hunger."

"Are you hungry?" I asked.

"No," he said, "not now, but I shall be."

"Have I not often heard you quote: 'Never saw I the righteous forsaken,' and 'He who feeds the ravens—'"

"Yes, in the past, but I tell you I have lost faith in a Providence. A good God would not have permitted this frightful calamity; the innocent suffering with the guilty. He would have found some other way to punish the wicked. I see by it that there is no God."

"I am not saying that God had anything to do with this visitation, but let us concede for the sake of argument that a Divine Providence wished to save, not punish, San Francisco, how else than by a complete overthrow such as this could he do it?" I said in effect, for I do not remember my exact words. "Politically, socially and morally the place was hopelessly corrupt. Not that the majority of the people were worse than the people in other cities, for sin is everywhere, but here in San Francisco the wicked element ruled; sin was enthroned, as nowhere else is the case. The voice of virtue could not make itself heard; goodness was laughed down, ridiculed, put to rout. Honesty, humble honesty, was worse than a crime; money was the only god. All ethics were here reversed, and there was no way of setting things right. And the longer matters ran along in the old way the worse they became. All shame had long been lost and toward the end the evildoers were beginning to have a pride in their iniquity. They boasted of that which evildoers in other places blushed for and strove to keep hidden. That was the great crime, the worshiping of wrong, not the mere doing of it. And the country was being contaminated by us. Other peoples observed how we prospered, how our men were brilliant, our women beautiful, and some were slowly coming to our way of thinking. See you that building now tottering? Chaste and beautiful as it looks, it was the product of a vile sin, having been built, along with others equally as imposing, by money accumulated in the sale of wicked drugs, its owner now a pillar of the community. Our press—you know of it—was there ever one more venal? And our shattered City Hall out there, which cost three million dollars, but for which the taxpayers were compelled to hand over more than six millions—what is it but a huge monument to Graft, its foundations laid in graft and its walls the home of municipal graft and official corruption—the scandal of the State, the shame of the nation.

"It was City Hall graft that was responsible for this holocaust. God's hand does not figure in it, other than through his immutable laws. Had the officials given us an adequate water system, as they were repeatedly urged to do, these flames would not now be wiping out the city before our eyes. And the people winked, and put up with it, being themselves on the quest for loot. And now you see how God works, or, rather, his unchangeable laws, which though slow in operation, come out effectively. San Francisco had been given rope enough, allowed to proceed without interference, and has destroyed itself, for the destruction of the homes and the real wealth of the city is by this fire, not the earthquake. No structure that had been honestly built was seriously injured by the shake. We were a city of shams.

"And now I would ask you, why should the Almighty set aside his laws, made in wisdom in the beginning, in this case, and thereby permit San Francisco to continue on her way to still lower degradation?"

"Your argument is good," said my friend, after I had finished some such homily as this. "There is only one flaw in it. What about the well-meaning, right-living citizens, the good Christians who have given their labor to the combating of these evils, and who now share in this terrible punishment?"

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"And the dead?" he queried.

"Their book is closed. And as more die in infancy than at any other stage of life, it is not for any man to say that they have been called before their time. Sudden death is of constant occurrence. The dead make no complaint, make none for them."

"I think you are right, and I will endeavor to be reconciled," said my friend, as we parted. C. B. S.

American Compliment to British Navy.

A correspondent in the New York Times writes as follows: In an editorial in regard to the efficiency of the military aid to the San Francisco sufferers you say: "Special dispatches from London express envy as well as admiration for the 'Gordian' manner in which the American sword cleared the tangle of red tape which hampers the efforts to perform such a feat of prompt relief by means of the machinery of the British army."

I remember being in Halifax, Nova Scotia, some fifteen years ago, when the news reached that city of the great fire which had swept St. John's, Newfoundland. The cruiser Blake lay in harbor. The admiral was hundreds of miles off in New Brunswick, salmon fishing. Half of the officers were on leave. Yet within an hour of the time the news was received all arrangements had been made with headquarters

in London, and the great ship, one of the fastest cruisers then afloat was being coaled and loaded with lightning-like rapidity and dispatched. Thousands of tents and vast quantities of food were taken on board, and also a corps of Royal Engineers, with all appliances for blowing up dangerous buildings, etc. Precision, keenness and the smoothness of clockwork marked all preparations, and within a few hours H. M. S. Blake was making a record run to Newfoundland, bringing the first aid possible to the stricken colony. I shall never forget the magnificent spectacle of the great warship coming down the bay with the speed of an express tearing through the green water, her outlines black against the setting sun, with officers on deck and band playing.

To the eye of at least one impartial observer there had not been much "red tape" apparent in this very probably average incident in the British service.

We Think So, Too.

Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, presided at the annual dinner of the newspaper press fund at the Hotel Metropole, London. In proposing the prosperity of the fund he referred to the impression of the oversea observer of the English Press, and said that if the English people knew something of the press they did not have they would fully appreciate the press they had. Some of the oversea would be glad if the English showed a lot more discretion in admiration of things American.

The English people liked many things nowadays, among them things America was trying to get rid of. Some American newspaper ideas, he said, seemed to be traveling across the Atlantic. In view of that, he deprecated English support of the almost constant and incredible corruption of the English language which was proceeding in colleges as in the streets, and for which some newspapers raked the country.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The output of coal in Wales last year was 35,219,212 tons.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain attains his 70th birthday July 8.

Bricklayers and plasterers in San Francisco are being paid \$7 a day of eight hours.

Mr. George Croll, of Edinburgh, who is in his ninety-fifth year, had the honor of playing Scottish airs before Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford.

During excavations in Buckland churchyard, Dover, a section of a massive wall 3 ft. 6 in. thick, has been discovered, and antiquarians are of the opinion this is part of the ancient church burnt down about 1100.

An American young lady flute player, recently heard in London, took to playing that instrument when threatened with consumption, "Become a flutist, and so exercise your lungs," was the doctor's advice, and, following it, she was completely restored to health.

The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the Crusader's action in kissing the cross-hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterwards implies either submission or friendship, meaning in each case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

A peculiar distinction was worn until recently by the officers and men of the old 62d (now the Wiltshire Regiment), in the form of tunic buttons with a "splash" upon them, such as a bullet might be supposed to make. This was to commemorate the corps' gallant defense of Carrickfergus Castle during the French invasion of Ireland, when, their bullets being expended, the men loaded their muskets with their brass coat buttons.

The maiden voyage of the magnificent new Canadian Pacific steamer, the Empress of Britain, was completed after a voyage across the Atlantic from Liverpool in six days, sixteen and a half hours. From land to land was only three days and eighteen hours.

In the international Association football match, Scotland beat England by two goals to one. There were about one hundred thousand spectators.

The new battleship Dreadnaught will have only a foremast, the mainmast having been done away with. She will be fitted with lifts, the compartments having no doors.

Six hundred rebel Zulus surrounded and attacked Colonel Leuchars' force May 28, near Buffalo river. Under cover of the bush the natives got within fifty yards of the British, but the latter opened a heavy rifle fire upon the rebels and after two hours' fighting the Zulus fled, leaving seventy killed. The British loss was one man killed and three wounded.



Fissure by Earthquake, East Street.

Particulars have been received in Glasgow of a discovery by a Scotsman named Peter MacKenzie in an almost unexplored part of the district of Lake St. John, in the province of Quebec, of a region so thick with gold that it can be seen with the naked eye sticking up out of the ground. £10,000,000 worth of the precious metal is said to be in sight, and a government geologist asserts that the annual yield will be close on £200,000,000.

AS SEEN EIGHTY MILES AWAY.

J. D. Hubbard, of Boulder Creek, lives eighty miles south of San Francisco, but he watched the great fire from the porch of his home at an elevation of 2325 feet. In a letter he says: "By noon on Wednesday the smoke cloud from the burning city was 120 miles long and eighty miles wide. This is more than a guess, for I have land marks and ocean marks to go by." He says that on Thursday night when the glare was greatest, one could read newspaper print at that distance up to midnight.

NOTES.

The speed shown by the Allan Company's new turbine steamer "Victorian" is remarkable, and this with its splendid equipment, smooth sailing qualities, and safety, will render it and its companion vessels extremely popular with the traveling public.

Hawaii's total subscription for the San Francisco relief fund amounted in round figures to \$80,000—one of the most generous, considering the size of the territory.

C. White Mortimer, British vice-consul in Los Angeles, has sent out circulars to British people of Southern California stating that he will draw wills without charge for any who will bequeath \$10 or more to a fund being raised to perpetuate a bed at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Los Angeles, for the use of British subjects sick and in distress. The amount which Mr. Mortimer is endeavoring to raise is \$5,000. He has already collected \$1,631.47.

Our good friend David Cochrane, of the Holyrood Hotel, Riverside, was the first man in his town to give \$50 to the San Francisco relief fund. Later he accommodated all hotel men free of charge.

The Canadian Pacific Railway authorized the Red Cross to draw upon it to the extent of \$10,000 for relief work in San Francisco, and provided, free, the steamer Amur, for the transportation of all Canadian supplies from Vancouver. Its generosity has been much appreciated here.

After having been tried by panic, earthquake and fire, the Continental Building and Loan Association is still on top and in a fair way to a bigger business than ever. It has been found to be as strong as any financial institution in the city, and now that so many new homes have to be built it will prove a great benefit to the community.

The British-Californian would consider it a favor to receive from subscribers any back copies of the paper which they may have to spare. Our files were totally destroyed in the fire, and it is a great inconvenience not having preceding numbers to refer to. The older the copies the better. We will send postage.

The San Francisco subscribers to the "B.-C." who were sufferers by the fire will be given grace in the payment of their subscriptions, but all others must pay in advance—or purchase their copies from the newsdealers. Under the changed conditions we cannot afford to give long credit, nor to employ collectors.

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Pending the erection of a new building at 313 Folsom street, we have opened a temporary office at 934 Shotwell street, Telephone Church 6224, to which place kindly address all mail.
Thanking you for generous patronage in the past, it will be our constant aim to merit a long continuance of same in the future.
Our deep seated confidence in the future of Greater and Grander San Francisco has not been weakened in the least degree, and we propose to remain right here, and most cheerfully devote our best efforts to aid in making this one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities in the world. Very truly yours,
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The British-Californian is now in its tenth year and is an assured success. Notwithstanding the recent disaster, it has a larger subscription list than ever, and it is steadily growing. With a plant of its own, the paper could be published oftener than once a month, and its subscription list thereby doubled in a short time. And a linotype machine would pay for itself by doing outside work, of which there is always plenty. We are confident of success, if our subscribers will but back us in the endeavor. Send to 269 Twelfth street, Oakland, for further particulars.

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BRITISH AND AMERICAN UNION.

To the Members of the British and American Union—My Dear Friends: It will be necessary for reasons which are self-evident, to postpone for some time the regular open meeting of the Society, but by no means must we abate one iota of our collective or individual responsibility to carry ever forward the purposes for which we have labored during the past six years. As citizens or residents of San Francisco, we have, in common with all classes, been brought closer to the great human heart, which in a common suffering realized a fuller kinship and demonstrated a bond of fraternity which has been as a song of glad tidings amidst the days and weeks of our travail. The lines of our action have been altered, but not obliterated, and must include a more active co-operation with all local efforts to restore, reconstruct and ultimately to crown with abundant splendor the stricken city which clamors out of her very ruins and misfortune to be placed once again in regal supremacy upon her throne by the Golden Gate. I am persuaded that while others may be more capable, none will be more eager, more zealous to aid this desirable consummation than the members of the British and American Union.

This restoration must evolve, and will demand patience, self-denial, some inconvenience, perchance some suffering, some hardship. Here again we must bear our part, make the burden less heavy; and while one would not in the leastwise dim the glorious optimism which has marked the spirit of the people, still it is prudent to be practical. Anticipating this endorsement, I have, in conjunction with our staunch friend, Mrs. G. Alexander Wright, president of the Woman's Auxiliary, forwarded an appeal to the leading home, colonial, Canadian, South African and Indian papers, asking the co-operation of our kinsmen, so that we, their brethren of the blood, should be enabled to bear a not ignoble part in the responsibilities which are now laid upon us.

This action, born of an emergency, will, I know, meet with your esteemed and anticipated approval.

A meeting of the membership will be convened at the earliest possible opportunity.

With sincere sympathy in your recent trials but with unshaken faith in your fortitude and pluck, I am yours as ever.

FREDERICK W. D'EVELYN.

President British and American Union,
Alameda, Cal., April 30, 1906.

The Woman's Auxiliary, B. & A. U., has its temporary headquarters at the home of its president, Mrs. G. Alexander Wright, 2329 Pacific avenue, Alameda, where San Francisco members should send their new addresses. One or two meetings have been held there of late.

Members of the British-Californian Association, San Jose, met recently for the annual election of officers. President William S. Heron occupied the chair. All the old officers were unanimously re-elected, and the following program was rendered:

Song, "Annie Laurie," Mrs. R. C. Stone; violin solo, Miss Adahyle Cambers, accompanied by Miss Leah Cambers; recitation, "Aunt Jemima's Courtship," Miss Mason; "Funny Things I Have Seen," Dr. Marion Sterling; song, "A Careless Man," Mr. Shaw.

EARTH MOVED TEN FEET.

A dispatch from Point Reyes, in which vicinity the earthquake shock was severest, reads:

"There is a great deal of confusion in the country hereabouts owing to manifest changes in the lay of the land. Although there is no visible break in the earth's surface, numerous instances record the moving of the country at least ten feet northward. An old oak tree, a landmark in these parts, is now ten feet distant from a fence which it formerly overhung. Yet there is no trace of the change wrought. At Olema a pipe line 300 feet long, which was broken by the quake, on being repaired, showed an excess length of three feet, indicating a contraction of the earth. At Bolinas knolls of earth have been thrown up, where before was level ground. Proprietary lines have been changed and there is considerable confusion over the present acreage of large estates.

CYMRADORION SOCIETY.

The society has had its share of the general misfortune, and for the time being is without adequate headquarters, but the membership is being held together by frequent meetings at the homes of officers. Soon after the catastrophe, the secretary received a generous contribution from Welshmen in Boston, to be applied for the relief of their countrymen in need here, and those locally who were spared did their utmost for the less fortunate.

WHERE THEY ARE.

Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn, who suffered the loss of his offices and professional effects in the destruction of the Phelan Building, is now located at 2115 California street, San Francisco, between Buchanan and Laguna streets. During the days of stress he gave his services to relief work at the camp hospitals in Alameda—where his home is—and has the grateful acknowledgements of the Red Cross and other societies for his efficient labors.

Dr. Albert E. Sykes, the well-known dentist, late of 369 Sutter street and California Hotel, has resumed practice in the Union Savings Bank Building, Oakland. He had an exciting experience in the hotel at the time of the quake, but is now attending to his professional duties as composedly as ever. His rooms are numbered 308 and 309; telephone, Oakland 4844.

The British Consulate-General is for the present located at 1107 Jefferson street, Oakland. Mr. Bennett was for some days a refugee and had his share of roughing it. He gave \$100 to the Sons of St. George relief fund.

The British-Californian will have both San Francisco and Oakland offices, but until our architect gets ready the plans for the twenty-story building we desire to erect, our business headquarters will be at 369 Twelfth street, Oakland.

Mr. William Pardy is at 2548 California street, San Francisco, conducting there the business of the Pacific States Savings and Loan Company, which happily lost nothing in the conflagration but its office furnishings.

Attorney T. C. West, director of the British and American Union, is at 1631 Pierce street, San Francisco. He lost heavily by the fire, his fine library in the Crocker Building being now mere ashes. Recently he entered the ranks of the beneficiaries, and when friends meet him, his is the novel experience of receiving both congratulations and condolences. He gets mixed at times in properly placing these expressions.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Price lost their home on Fern avenue, and are now located at 1751 Broadway, San Francisco.

It gives us great pleasure to record that there was no loss of life, or serious injury, among members of the British colony—so far as we have been able to learn.

Mr. F. R. Tindell, who lost his fine cigar business on Sansome street, has started anew at 964 Washington street, Oakland.

Other addresses are: Attorney Rees P. Daniels, 1088 McAllister street, San Francisco; Professor Thomas Price, 2503 Broadway, S. F.; Attorney F. D. Brandon, 863 Hayes street, San Francisco; Dr. Nat Coulson, Fillmore and McAllister streets, San Francisco; Attorney Benj. Healey, 1208 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco; Dr. Geo. Adam, 2913 Fillmore street; Edmund Taylor, 224 E. 16th street, Oakland; Dr. W. F. McNutt, 2511 Pacific avenue, San Francisco; Pennington Bros., 934 Shotwell street, San Francisco; Dr. S. I. Harrison, 3053 California street, San Francisco; Mr. Armitage, architect, 1427 Post street, San Francisco; Wale Printing Company, Bush near Fillmore, San Francisco; Hugh Williamson, carpenter, 1711 Market street, San Francisco; H. Digby Johnston, Los Angeles; Dory and Cunningham, 11 Market street, San Francisco.

G. A. Wright, architect, late of 604 Montgomery street and 124 Sansome street, San Francisco, has established temporary offices as follows: At Alameda, 1361 Park street; Oakland, 1114-1115 Union Savings Building, and a main office at 2277 California street, San Francisco.

IN SCOTTISH CIRCLES.

IT should be a matter of pride with local Scotsmen that representative men from their midst were foremost in directing the Citizens' Relief movements on both sides of the bay. Scotsmen proverbially have a good head for administration, and never was this national trait better shown, nor to greater advantage, than in the recent San Francisco calamity.

In the stricken city, Mr. Allan Pollok was executive head of the Citizens' Committee, Mr. Jas. Rolph Jr., was chairman of the Mission sub-committee, and other Scotsmen figured prominently.

Oakland's magnificent handling of the difficult situation has become the talk of and admiration of the world, and it is pleasing to note that Mr. James P. Taylor was chairman of the general committee and Mr. D. Edward Collins its efficient treasurer and financial adviser.

The Scottish societies in San Francisco are at present in an unsettled condition, but it has been decided to erect a temporary home on the site of the former Scottish Hall, Larkin street, and later on a magnificent hall, with offices above. Here the St. Andrew's Society and Caledonian Club will make headquarters, and possibly Clan Fraser and the Thistle Club.

The beautiful Burns monument, of which we gave an excellent picture in our April number, together with a full account of its origin, has been destroyed. This will be sad news to those who have watched with pride the development of the project, for it will be a long time before a duplicate statue can be undertaken, if ever.

The St. Andrew's Society of Alameda County, and Clan Macdonald, have had busy days of late rendering assistance to distressed Scotsmen from San Francisco, so that there is nothing of a social nature to report. The Clans throughout the country have come forward nobly to the aid of their stricken brethren in San Francisco, and the unfortunate in consequence have wanted for nothing.

It is with deep sorrow that we are called upon to chronicle the death of Charles Kydd, one of our earliest and most steadfast friends, and a prominent member of St. Andrew's Society and Clan Macdonald, Oakland, in which city he died, about three weeks ago. He was 42 years of age, and a native of Forfar, Scotland. A bright man he was, and a good man, and he will be sadly missed by a host of friends.

THISTLE CLUB GAMES.

Nothing daunted, the San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club will hold its annual gathering and games as usual at Shell Mound Park, on July 4th, presenting a program not one whit less attractive than in former years. The proceeds, however, will be donated to the Red Cross Relief Fund, the members having decided not to do any money-making for the club this year.

An immense crowd is expected, and a splendid day is assured. Particulars will be found in the club's advertisement in another column. The club now meets at Potrero Opera House, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.

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G. Pres., W. Meek, 602 San Pedro, Los Angeles
G. Sec'y., T. Poyser, 1724 Devisadero St., S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO—Burnaby Lodge, 194, meets every Saturday evening, 1217 Sanchez St.
Worthy President Geo. Burrows
Worthy Secretary T. Wood, 4 Alemany St.

SAN FRANCISCO—Pickwick Lodge, 259.
Worthy President Wm. Watters
W. Secretary .. T. Poyser, 1724 Devisadero St.

OAKLAND—Albion Lodge, 206, meets Monday evenings, California Hall, Clay street.
Worthy President L. C. Robinson
Worthy Secretary, J. J. Roberts, 12th & Market

ALAMEDA—Derby Lodge, 285, meets 1st and 3d Thursdays at Masonic Hall.
Worthy President Dr. E. S. Hosford
Worthy Secretary, E. James, 2044 Alameda ave.

SAN JOSE—Victoria Lodge, 287, meets 2d and 4th Mondays, Pythias Hall.
Worthy President I. Knight, 135 White st.
Worthy Sec'y, E. W. Maynard, 112 S. First St.

SACRAMENTO—Jubilee Lodge, 135, meets Thursday evenings at 1014 Eighth street.
Worthy President R. Anderson
Worthy Secretary W. H. Button, 900 M St.

GRASS VALLEY—Victoria Lodge, 289, meets every Tuesday evening at Fraternal Hall.
Worthy President Josiah Mewton
Worthy Secretary Thos. R. James

LOS ANGELES—Royal Oak, 220, meets Mondays at 121½ S. Broadway.
Worthy President Jas. T. Payne
Worthy Secretary, Ed. Cooper, 137 Ave, 52 W.

PASADENA—Alexandra Lodge, 385, meets 2d and 4th Fridays at Eagles' Hall.
Worthy President, E. A. Shoebridge, Pas. Ave.
W. Secretary .. T. P. Adney, Box 401, Pasadena

DAUGHTERS OF ST. GEORGE.

SAN FRANCISCO—Britannia Lodge, 7, meets every Monday noon, 1976 Folsom street.
Worthy President Mrs. J. Creba
W. F. Sec., Mrs. R. Meadows, 1976 Folsom st.

SAN FRANCISCO—Empress Victoria Lodge, 142.
W. President, Mrs. A. E. Creba, 353 Prospect av.
W. F. Sec., Mrs. H. Williams, 436 Walnut

SONS OF ST. GEORGE.

THE earthquake and fire brought serious loss to the membership of both Burnaby and Pickwick lodges, San Francisco. Fully sixty per cent of the brothers lost their homes, and many their businesses. Unfortunately, the officers of the lodges were sufferers, so that no emergency meetings were called to deal with the situation, and had it not been for the prompt action of Albion Lodge, Oakland, members of our Order would have had nowhere to turn in those first few days of stress. However, it was not long before the lodges in the South got to work and sent up Grand President Wm. Meek and Supreme Deputy Robert Sharp, with funds to open a relief bureau in the stricken city. To this fund the brothers at Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside and other places contributed generously, and later the Supreme President assessed all lodges outside the Pacific Coast Jurisdiction in order to swell the account. Robert Sharp was placed in charge of this money and he at once opened headquarters at 2530 California street, appointing Thomas Poyser as his secretary. Burnaby and Pickwick lodges then held meetings and appointed committees to represent them on the relief board, Burnaby appointing Dr. Chas. Abbott and Wm. Clack; Pickwick, F. D. Brandon and H. J. Ford. This board did good work in relieving the pressing necessities of those who applied to them.

Pickwick Lodge has held its meetings at the above address, while Burnaby has accepted the hospitality of its physician, Dr. E. W. Thomas, 2235 Post street.

In the matter of lodge dues, the status of the members remains, until July 1, the same as it was on the day of the calamity, thus giving those who desire to take advantage of the ruling, sixty days' grace.

It must be mentioned that the brothers at Victoria, B. C., donated the proceeds of their St. George's Day celebration to our relief fund, about \$150, and that with this money sixty cases of supplies were purchased in Seattle

and shipped here on the S. S. Amur. The consignment went astray, however, and this generous and kindly aid from the north was lost to the Order.

When in the city President Wm. Meek reported that a lodge had been successfully launched at Seattle.

We hear with much regret of the death of two esteemed members of the Order, John Gomersal of Pickwick Lodge, San Francisco, and Henry Tregoning, of San Jose. No particulars have reached us, however.

Victoria Lodge, Grass Valley, has the distinction of being the first lodge on the Coast to take stock in the new British-Californian company, having generously subscribed for five shares. We appreciate the confidence and good-will shown by our mining brothers, and trust that their good example will not be lost upon those other lodges which are in a position to invest a little of their capital in an enterprise from which they steadily derive benefit.

ALBION LODGE, OAKLAND.

Albion Lodge has been to the fore during the eventful weeks since the earthquake, and by its generous assistance to our members has brought credit to itself and to the Order in general. And its aid was made doubly effective by being extended promptly. Without waiting for the regular weekly meeting, such officers and members as could be gotten together discussed the situation and decided to open a relief fund and an information and registration bureau. Brother J. A. Barlow very kindly placed one of his spacious stores at the service of the volunteer committee, and he and Brother Joseph Lancaster took charge. Notices were inserted in the papers, signs put up around the town, and members sent to meet every incoming train bearing refugees.

At the regular meeting on the following Monday this action was unanimously endorsed by the lodge, and the sum of \$1000 was given to the committee to expend as occasion might demand. But it was not all needed. And for the reason that much of the help that was required could not be met by the giving of funds. Brothers wished to be O. K'd so as to get transportation to other towns; nearly all wanted lodgings, which money could not buy. Albion Lodge met every demand, finding beds for the homeless among its membership and the Daughters of St. George; cashing checks for those temporarily embarrassed by the closing of the banks, advancing money to those about to go into business, giving pecuniary aid to those in need of it, and employment for all. Its registration bureau was most effective, for all names registered on its books were put into the local newspapers as "members of the English colony saved;" the correspondents here of Eastern newspapers telegraphed these names to New York, Boston, etc., and they quickly found their way into the English papers, thus relieving many anxious hearts at home.

Nearly all the members of Albion Lodge bore a share of the work, so that no regular committee list can be given, but the following named were in charge of the executive departments: Joseph Lancaster, J. A. Barlow, Geo. Sully, sec'y; T. Holroyd, asst sec.

After the rush was over the committee's headquarters were moved to the business place of the secretary of the lodge, J. J. Roberts, who kindly gave them accommodations.

Thus did Albion Lodge rise to the occasion, fulfilling its obligations and privileges at a most critical time, and in the true Sons of St. George spirit of F. C. & L.

ROYAL OAK LODGE, LOS ANGELES.

At the next weekly meeting of the lodge after the San Francisco catastrophe, \$250 of the lodge funds was donated by a rising vote to the relief of suffering brothers resident in San Francisco. A committee was appointed to seek relief among the members and the hat was passed around by unanimous vote; the result was \$150 more; at the next meeting an enthusiastic member had raised \$50 additional by calling on brothers not present at the meeting referred to. At this second meeting, stirring remarks were made by Wm. Meek, on the extent of the misfortune he witnessed, and a harrowing account given of the losses. At a still later lodge meeting clothes were called for and many responded by sending raiment to the office of the British-Californian's representative in Los Angeles, which was duly forwarded to the local British fraternal committee.

On April 16, the Los Angeles and Pasadena members of the Order met to honor Brother Herbert J. Goudge, who, for five years, had with honor and distinction filled the public office of first assistant district attorney for Los Angeles, and was about to retire. He was presented with a beautifully illuminated address, setting forth Royal Oak's pride in him as a member. A feeling response was made by Brother Goudge.

A very entertaining program followed. Royal Oak Lodge members entertained Alexandria members with speeches and songs until a late hour, refreshments being served the attending

members. In the hilarity of the occasion Mr. Goudge was carried around the hall amid the cheers of the brothers and to the good old tune of "He's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny."

DAUGHTERS OF ST. GEORGE.

Both lodges of Daughters of St. George have been burned "out of house and home," but their members are bravely meeting the situation, and as soon as the new St. George's Hall is completed they will have a permanent meeting place.

Britannia Lodge, No. 7, temporarily meets at 1976 Folsom street, San Francisco, every Monday at 1 p. m. Forty-one members, it is said, lost their homes in the fire.

Empress Victoria Lodge for the time being makes headquarters at 353 Prospect avenue, San Francisco, the home of Mrs. S. Creba.

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In order to facilitate straightening out our accounts, we would respectfully ask that all of our patrons send us their addresses. Those who were in possession of rent and installment pianos will confer a favor by stating condition of piano and where it is located, if saved. We would also like to get in communication with all of our sheet music patrons.

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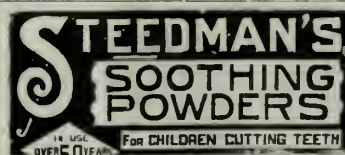
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